



ATLAS

BATTLE

MAY

NO.
52

ALL BRAND-NEW BATTLE ADVENTURES

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

10¢

BATTLE

HE KNEW HE WAS TAKING A
"CALCULATED
RISK!"

"ABLE COMPANY IS
DOOMED!"

DO YOU WANT SPENDING MONEY?

Sell these popular Patriotic and Religious Mottoes



SEND US NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

Just write and ask us to send you 40 of these beautiful glittering mottoes which the public likes so well. Sell them easily and quickly to your friends and neighbors for only 35¢ each. At the end of 14 days send back, if you wish, all mottoes you have not sold, and send us only 25¢ for each you have sold. You keep all the rest of the money.

IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP \$2.⁵⁰

IF YOU SELL 30, YOU KEEP \$3.⁰⁰

IF YOU SELL ALL 40 YOU KEEP \$4.⁰⁰

REMEMBER:

No money is needed in advance. You take no risks. You can return all the mottoes you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.

**WRITE
FOR COMPLETE
DETAILS
TO** ➔

STEPHENS CREDIT SALES

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Nashville, Tennessee

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ABLE COMPANY DOGGIES HAD NEVER LOST ANY REAL ESTATE TO THE REDS IN KOREA! BUT THEY SURE TOOK PLENTY AWAY FROM THEM AS THEY SLUGGED AND SHOVED THE COMMIES NORTHWARD OVER HILLS AND PADDIES! **ABLE COMPANY** WAS A NO. 1 OUTFIT! THEY WERE ALWAYS ON THE OFFENSIVE! ALWAYS ADVANCING! ALWAYS WINNING THEIR BATTLES! THE REDS COULDN'T STOP THEM...SO WHY WERE THE COMMIES SO CONFIDENT? WHY WAS THE ENEMY SAYING THAT...

ABLE COMPANY ^{IS} DOOMED

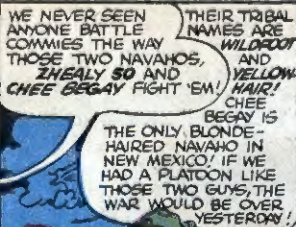
THERE GOES THE COMMIE MORTAR NEST THAT WAS HOLDING US UP, SARGE! WHO BLEW IT?

WHO ELSE, CAP'N... BUT THOSE TWO NAVAHO INDIAN G.I.'S FROM NEW MEXICO! THEY'RE ALWAYS GETTIN' US OUT OF TIGHT SPOTS!

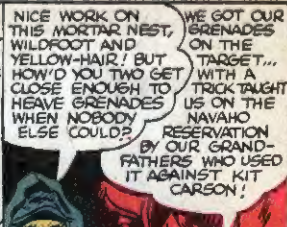




YES! BUT IT IS ALL PART OF THE PLAN... ABLE COMPANY IS DOOMED!



THEIR TRIBAL NAMES ARE WILDFOOT AND YELLOW-HAIR! CHEE BEGAY IS THE ONLY BLONDE-HAIRED NAVAHO IN NEW MEXICO! IF WE HAD A PLATOON LIKE THOSE TWO GUYS, THE WAR WOULD BE OVER YESTERDAY!



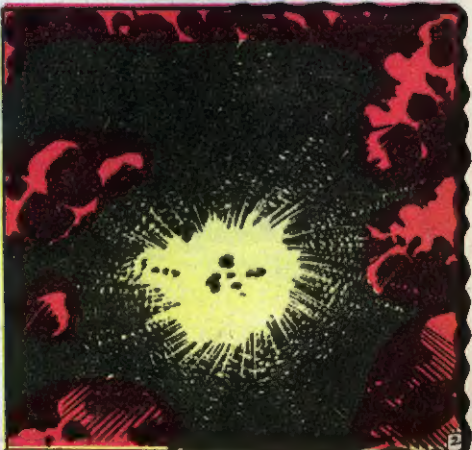
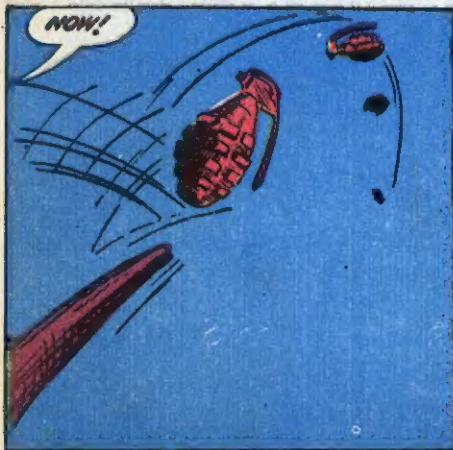
WE GOT OUR GRENADES ON THE TARGET... WITH A TRICK TAUGHT US ON THE NAVAHO RESERVATION BY OUR GRAND-FATHERS WHO USED IT AGAINST KIT CARSON!



IT'S READY, YELLOW-HAIR!



OKAY, WILD-FOOT! LET LOOSE WHEN I SAY...





OF COURSE, OUR GRANDFATHERS USED STONES INSTEAD OF GRENADES, CAPTAIN!

YOUR GRANDFATHERS LOST THE WAR WITH KIT CARSON... BUT THEY'RE SURE HELPING US WIN THIS ONE WITH ALL THE THINGS THEY TAUGHT YOU TWO!



THE YANKEES APPROACH OUR NEW POSITIONS, COMRADE MAJOR!

IT IS HERE THAT THE ABLE COMPANY WILL MEET ITS DOOM!



WE'RE COMIN' TO A PASS, CAP'N!

NICE PLACE FOR A RED AMBUSH! WE BETTER ADVANCE THRU IT BY PLATOONS... WITH WIDE INTERVALS BETWEEN EACH ONE!



THE FIRST PLATOON WAS THE POINT... FOLLOWED BY THE SECOND PLATOON...

TWO YANKEE PLATOONS ARE INSIDE THE CANYON PASS NOW, COMRADE MAJOR... AND TWO ARE OUTSIDE!

EXCELLENT! NOW IS THE TIME TO ATTACK... AND TO DRIVE A WEDGE BETWEEN THE PLATOONS AND TO SPLIT ABLE COMPANY IN TWO!



FROM THE FLANKS, THE REDS HEAVED A TWO-PRONGED ATTACK, WEDGING THEMSELVES BETWEEN THE 1ST AND 2ND PLATOONS IN THE CANYON AND THE 3RD AND 4TH PLATOONS OUTSIDE THE PASS!



IT'S NO GOOD THIS WAY! WE WITH ONLY TWO PLATOONS, CAN WE'RE TOO WEAK! BUT IF WE COULD COORDINATE OUR ATTACK WITH THE TWO PLATOONS INSIDE THE PASS, WE'D HAVE THE POWER WE NEED TO KNOCK OUT THAT RED WEDGE!

CONTACT THE OTHER TWO PLATOONS BY RADIO, SIR!



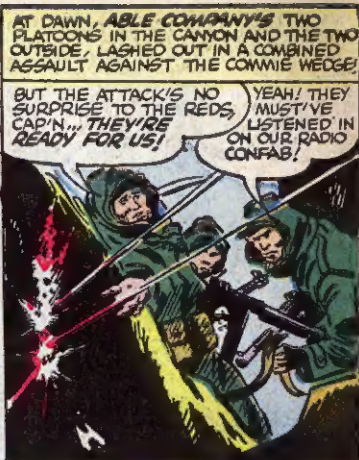
ABLE COMPANY BATTLED AND BANGED AWAY ALL NIGHT, TRYING TO SMASH THE RED WEDGE...



COMRADE MAJOR...
LISTEN! THE DIVIDED
PLATOONS CONVERSE
WITH EACH OTHER
OVER THE RADIO! YOU
ARE MOST LEARNED
...YOU UNDERSTAND
YANKEE TALK!



HA! THEY PLAN A COMBINED
ATTACK... I HEARD EVERY
WORD OF IT!



AT DAWN, ABLE COMPANY'S TWO
PLATOONS IN THE CANYON AND THE TWO
OUTSIDE, LASHED OUT IN A COMBINED
ASSAULT AGAINST THE COMRADE WEDGE!

BUT THE ATTACK'S NO
SURPRISE TO THE REDS,
CAP'N... THEY'RE
READY FOR US!

YEAH! THEY
MUST'VE
LISTENED IN
ON OUR RADIO
CONFAB!



SERGEANT, CALL THE 1ST AND 2ND PLATOONS
IN THE CANYON AND TELL THEM TO BREAK OFF
THE ATTACK AND SO WILL WE!

YES, SIR!



WE HAVE TO SURPRISE THE
REDS WITH A COMBINED
ATTACK... BUT THEY CAN
LISTEN IN ON OUR RADIO
CONVERSATION AND HEAR
OUR PLANS WHENEVER
WE TALK TO OUR OTHER
TWO PLATOONS, SERGEANT!

LET'S
OUTFOX
THE
REDS...
BY
TALKIN'
TO OUR
OTHER
PLA-
TOONS IN
SOME
OTHER
LINGO!



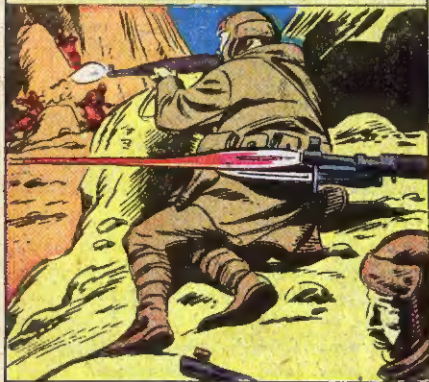
CORPORAL CIEPELEWSKI
IS POLISH, CAP'N... AN'
THERE ARE A COUPLE
OF POLISH G.I.'S WITH
THE 1ST AND 2ND
PLATOONS IN THE
CANYON!

YEAH!
I'LL
TELL
HIM
THE
BATTLE
PLAN...AND
HE'LL RELAY IT IN
POLISH OVER THE
RADIO TO THE
OTHER POLES!



FOOLISH YANKEES... THEY
ARE NOT AWARE THAT I
WAS EDUCATED IN EUROPE
AND THAT I CAN UNDERSTAND
AND SPEAK ALL LANGUAGES!

AGAIN ABLE COMPANY HIT THE RED WEDGE FROM BOTH SIDES... BUT THE REDS WERE READY AGAIN! THEY KNEW THE EXACT TIME, PLACE, MANEUVER... EVERYTHING...



HA! THE YANKEES FALL BACK AGAIN, COMRADE MAJOR!

IT'S AS I HAVE SAID FOR MANY WEEKS... ABLE COMPANY IS DOOMED!



ABLE COMPANY TRIED GETTING THEIR BATTLE PLANS TO THE OTHER TWO PLATOONS IN SPANISH, IN GERMAN, IN ITALIAN... BUT THE RED MAJOR UNDERSTOOD ALL THE LANGUAGES!

AGAIN THE FOOLISH YANKEES TRY WITH STILL ANOTHER LANGUAGE, COMRADE MAJOR... BUT THEY CAN NOT OUTWIT YOU!

HA! THEY TRY TO CONFUSE US! THEY DO NOT SPEAK ANY LANGUAGE THIS TIME... ALL THEY DO IS MUMBLE WORTHLESS WORDS!

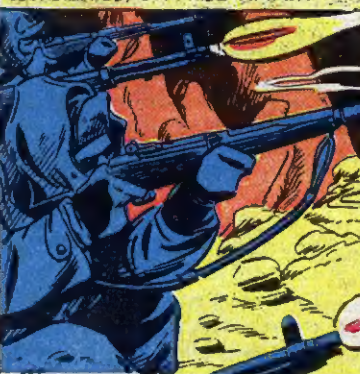


TOMORROW MORNING WE WILL ATTACK THEM! WHILE THEY ARE DIVIDED, THEY ARE WEAK! FIRST, WE'LL DESTROY THE TWO PLATOONS IN THE PASS AND THEN...

COMRADE MAJOR! THE YANKEES ATTACK... FROM BOTH SIDES! IN THE SAME SPOT! AT THE SAME TIME... IN OUR WEAKEST SECTOR!



LIKE THE COMMIE MAN SAID... ABLE COMPANY'S FOUR PLATOONS HIT THE SAME SPOT FROM THE FRONT AND FROM BEHIND, AT THE SAME TIME... IN A COORDINATED, SURPRISE ATTACK...



SOMEHOW THEY GOT A MESSAGE THRU TO COORDINATE THEIR ATTACK... EXACTLY WHAT WE TRIED TO PREVENT!

THRU TO THE YANKEES TELLING THEM WE SURRENDER!



YOU MEAN, CAPTAIN... THAT THE MUMBLING I LAST HEARD OVER THE RADIO WAS ACTUALLY A LANGUAGE?

YEAH, MAJOR!



IT WAS ATHAPASCAN... LANGUAGE OF THE NAVAHO INDIANS, SPOKEN BY YELLOW-HAIR FOR OUR PLATOONS TO HIS FRIEND, WILDFOOT WITH THE PLATOONS IN THE PASS!

OUR GRANDPARENTS TAUGHT IT TO US! WE WERE SURE YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT BECAUSE EVEN OTHER INDIAN TRIBES CAN'T!



WHEN YOU GET HOME TO THE NAVAHO RESERVATION IN NEW MEXICO YELLOW-HAIR AND WILDFOOT, THANK YOUR GRANDPARENTS FOR HELPING US WIN THE KOREAN WAR!

THEY WILL BE HAPPY TO HEAR IT, CAPTAIN!





THE GERMAN SPY

FAR to the east, toward Marshelliers, guns muttered and rumbled. The sun was going down on a hot July day in 1918. To the left of the big intelligence post was the Thaeville road. And along it moved men, ammunition trucks, wagons and artillery. On every side lay wrecked and battered equipment of war . . . huge German guns, their thick mouths shattered by charges of explosives placed there by retreating Germans unable to command trucks to drag them away.

The second battle of the Marne was on full blast.

Along the side of the Thaeville road was another road. It had been flattened out of the brush and mud by long lines of empty vehicles returning from the front. Along this road now sped a motorcycle with a car at its side. Both driver and passenger were British officers, lieutenants in the army of his Majesty, King George the 5th.

The motorcycle stopped before the collection of hastily-flung up buildings that marked the post, and then turned into a kind of motor pool fenced off from the return road by high piles of empty gasoline drums. Lieutenants Harry Drummond and Geoffrey Sloan got out at the entrance to the hut marked, Intelligence-H 5.

The sentry at the door snapped to attention, glanced at their passes, then nodded and flung open the door. Inside the entire-

ly closed in, forty-by-forty foot hut, the air was warmer than outside. It was lit with glaring, battery-powered lights and along every wall was pasted up huge maps of the whole Marne battlefield. Orderlies were busy with colored pins at all these maps, changing them in accordance with the latest report-chits cleared by men working at tables in far corners. These, in turn, were transmitted to GHQ further back in the line.

Drummond and Sloan walked up to a central table at which sat two officers, Colonel Caruthers and Major Hiller. They saluted.

"Glad you're back so fast," The Colonel said. "We're short-handed." Drummond opened his dispatch case, took out several reports.

"Here are the latest forward positions. We're holding at Points 3, 10 and 12 in J Sector."

"And the rest?" Caruthers asked.

"Not holding, sir," Drummond said. "We're being forced back."

At a sign from the Colonel, Major Hiller lifted a phone. A short conversation with GHQ resulted in a satisfied nod. The Major turned to the Colonel.

"They're sending reinforcements immediately."

Caruthers drew a deep breath.

"I don't understand it," he said. "Everything we do seems to be known by the enemy. I don't

have to tell you how important this is. The Germans are attacking all along the Marne front. And you may as well know they have a good chance of breaking through, unless we can stop this leak of information. Every defense move we make is met with troops and guns of double the strength as though they knew precisely where we'd reinforced our positions."

Major Hiller smiled grimly.

"They'll have no chance to stop fresh reinforcements for J Sector, at any rate."

The Colonel nodded, frowning. Then, suddenly, he looked up at the two intelligence lieutenants.

"You two take a breather," he said. "You'll find coffee over in the corner." He smiled at Drummond. "They tell me your birthday is tomorrow, the 27th."

Drummond nodded, as Sloan went for coffee for the two of them.

"About the best present anybody could give you would be an extra hour or two of sleep . . . next month," the Colonel said. "I can't spare you now. After coffee, head for the commissary with Sloan and take off for K Sector. We've had no reports from them for hours."

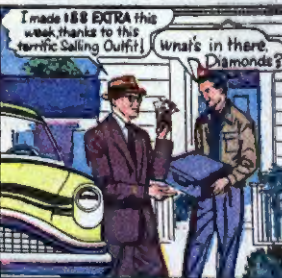
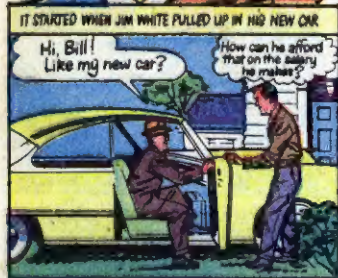
Sloan came back with the coffee; both men downed their hot drink and then left for the commissary hut. Within half an hour they were bundling back into the side-car motorcycle, with Sloan driving.

CONTINUED BEFORE LAST STORY

How I Made a Small Fortune In Spare Time!

(WITHOUT SPENDING A PENNY)

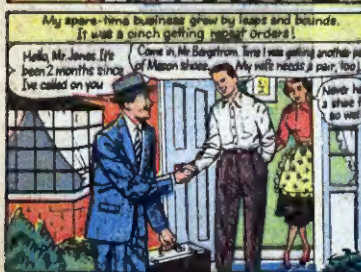
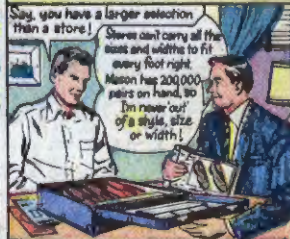
The TRUE STORY of William Bergstrom of Illinois



Jim told me Mason sends a Selling Outfit FREE and shows how to make MONEY. So I mailed a coupon. My wife was thrilled!

I started with friends, relatives, people where I worked. EVERYBODY wants comfortable shoes!

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What would YOU do with \$3,000 EXTRA income a year? Thousands of men are making handsome extra incomes with Mason Shoe. You don't invest one cent...ever. You need no experience. We'll send you a complete Starting Outfit FREE! It features handsome line of over 175 styles in smart dress shoes, sporty casuals and fast-selling work shoes...and includes 10-second Air Cushion demonstrator, Measuring equipment, Money-making booklet, National ads...**EVERYTHING** you need to start making big money from your first hour!

If you want to give yourself a raise every month—with a steady-profit repeat-order business...if you want to be your own boss...just rush this coupon TODAY to Mason Shoe Mfg. Co., Dept. 486, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. You'll receive your powerful FREE SALES OUTFIT right away!

Mr. Ned Mason, Dept. 486
Mason Shoe Mfg. Co.
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

You bet I want to start making a small fortune in spare time! Rush my FREE SELLING OUTFIT with everything I need to start making money my first hour!

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

Town _____ State _____

OCCUPATION FORCE!



THE KAISER'S ARMY
OVERRAN FRANCE IN
THOSE EARLY YEARS
OF THE FIRST WORLD
WAR, PUSHING HER
ARMY BACK THOUGH
THEY FOUGHT STUB-
BORNLY EVERY FOOT
OF THE WAY! THIS WAS
THE LARGE-SCALE
PICTURE OF THE WAR!
BUT THE PEOPLE OF
FRANCE, AS INDIVIDUALS,
WOULD NOT GIVE UP!
THIS IS THE STORY
OF A FRENCH BOY,
TOO YOUNG TO BEAR
ARMS FOR HIS
BELOVED
COUNTRY, TOO
YOUNG TO FIGHT!

THE VICTORIOUS GERMANS OCCUPIED
TOWNS AND VILLAGES WHERE THERE
WERE ONLY WOMEN, CHILDREN
AND OLD PEOPLE LEFT!



IN ONE OF THE OCCUPIED VILLAGES,
LES CHARTRES, THERE WAS A BOY!
HIS NAME WAS PIERRE!



AND AS THE BOY STOOD THERE WATCHING THE HATED ENEMY MARCH IN, HE REMEMBERED ANOTHER, A BRAVER DAY, WHEN THE ADULT MEN OF HIS VILLAGE HAD MARCHED AWAY TO WAR!



WHY WILL THEY NOT GIVE ME A RIFLE AND LET ME GO TOO? I WANT TO FIGHT TOO FOR MY COUNTRY!

HA, MY LITTLE BROTHER IS A FIGHTER! BUT YOU ARE TOO YOUNG YET, PIERRE!



NO ONE IS TOO YOUNG TO FIGHT FOR HIS COUNTRY, HIS VILLAGE AND HIS PEOPLE!

AND THE BOY'S THOUGHTS CAME BACK TO THE PRESENT AND HE TURNED AWAY KNOWING THAT EVEN NOW THE ANSWER WOULD BE THE SAME, "YOU ARE TOO YOUNG!"



WHAT IS IT THEY ARE DOING? WHY ALL THOSE TRUCKS?

THEY ARE AMMUNITION TRUCKS, LES CHARTRES IS TO BECOME AN AMMUNITION DUMP FOR THE ENEMY!



ALFONSE, WHAT IS IT? YOU SHOULD NOT MOVE FROM YOUR OWN HOME WHILE THE ENEMY IS HERE...

I HAVE JUST COME FROM TOULOUSE! GREAT NEWS! THE AMERICANS HAVE DECLARED WAR ON OUR ENEMIES AND YANK SOLDIERS, PLANES AND SUPPLIES ARE POURING INTO LE HAVRE!



WITH A TRAMP OF HEAVY BOOTS, A GROUP OF GERMANS ENTERED! THE LIEUTENANT SPOKE TO THEM WITH ARROGANT CONTEMPT!

HA, THE SAME HERE AS THROUGH-OUT THE VILLAGE... WOMEN, CHILDREN, OLD PEOPLE! IT IS NECESSARY ONLY TO LOOSELY GUARD SUCH AS THESE! THEY CAN DO US NO HARM!

IF ONLY I HAD A GUN, YOU WOULD SEE!



LIEUTENANT STRAUSS, DOG FIGHT
OVER THE FIELD OUT HERE! FIVE
OF OUR PLANES HAVE ATTACKED
AN AMERICAN PLANE!



THEY GOT HIM!
HE'S GOING TO
LAND IN THAT
FIELD!

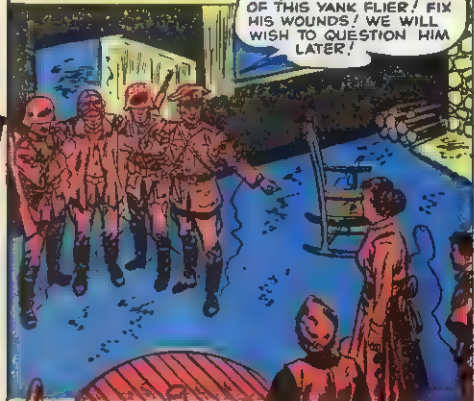


STAND BACK...GET
TO YOUR HOMES!
QUICK NOW!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

YOU, WOMAN! TAKE CARE
OF THIS YANK FLIER! FIX
HIS WOUNDS! WE WILL
WISH TO QUESTION HIM
LATER!



GUARDS WERE POSTED OUTSIDE THE DOOR!

TO MAKE OF OUR
HOUSE A JAIL FOR
OUR OWN ALLIES!

I'M ALL RIGHT! JUST A FEW
BRUISES! CAN YOU UNDER-
STAND ENGLISH?



I UNDERSTAND...IT WAS
GIVEN TO US IN SCHOOL!
DO YOU WISH TO ESCAPE
FROM HERE? I CAN
HELP YOU IF YOU CAN
GET BACK TO YOUR
OWN LINES!

YOU CAN? SON, LET'S
NOT WASTE TIME!
I KNOW WHERE OUR
LINES ARE... JUST
GET ME FREE OF
THIS VILLAGE!



COME! IN THE CELLAR IS DISGUISED
TUNNEL THAT LEADS OUT OF VILLAGE
TO CAVE! IT WAS A WAY WE
CHILDREN PLAYED BEFORE THE
WAR!

WHAT ARE ALL
THESE TRUCKS
DOING IN YOUR
VILLAGE?



THEY HAVE MADE A CAMOUFLAGED AMMUNITION DUMP! IF ONLY I HAD A RIFLE...

YOU'RE TOO YOUNG YET, SON! SO THAT'S WHERE ALL THAT AMMO AND SUPPLIES WENT, THAT WE HEARD ABOUT!



TEN MINUTES LATER, THEY EMERGED FROM THE CAVE THE TUNNEL LED TO!

I... I GUESS I GOT IT WORSE THAN I THOUGHT!

I WILL HELP YOU! DIRECT ME TO YOUR LINES!



THE BOY SUPPORTED THE FLIER AND THEY STAGGERED EAST FOR HALF AN HOUR BEFORE CONTACTING AN AMERICAN PATROL!

OKAY, KID, I'LL TAKE OVER! OUR LINES ARE JUST A STEP AWAY!

TAKE ME TO YOUR C.O. IN A HURRY. COME WITH US, PIERRE!



IN A DUGOUT, THE LIEUTENANT TOLD HIS STORY!

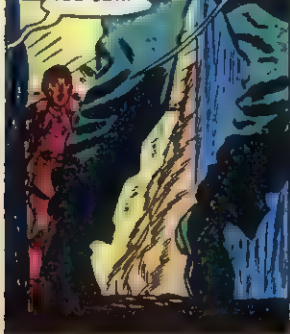
THAT DUMP MUST BE DESTROYED! I'LL CONTACT ARTILLERY... SON, WHERE DID YOU FIND THAT RIFLE? YOU'RE TOO YOUNG TO HANDLE FIREARMS...

I FOUND IT OUTSIDE, SIR! IF I COULD BUT KEEP IT...



THE ARTILLERY CAN BLAST THAT VILLAGE! WE'LL SEND THE BOY FIRST TO GET THE VILLAGERS OUT THE SAME WAY HE GOT YOU OUT...

PIERRE! WAIT!

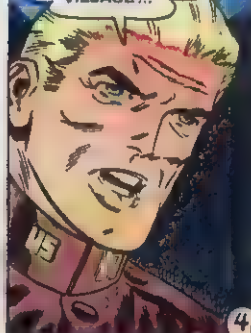


THAT KID SCOOTED OUT OF HERE LIKE A SQUIRREL, CARRYING A GUN WITH HIM!

THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT HE'LL DO! WE CAN'T GET THE VILLAGERS OUT NOW! AND IF YOU SEND ARTILLERY FIRE... THOSE PEOPLE SAVED MY LIFE!



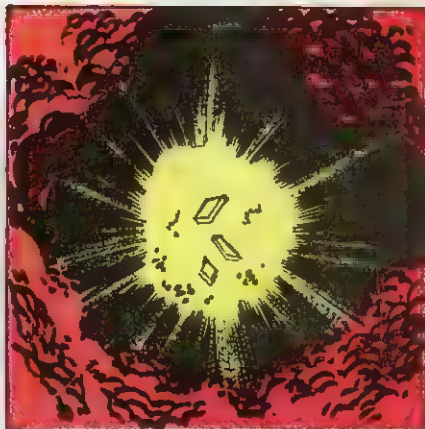
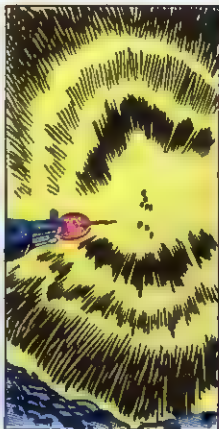
SERGEANT, I WANT A STRONG RAIDING PARTY FORMED! THE LIEUTENANT WILL LEAD YOU TO A CAVE NOT FAR FROM HERE THAT LEADS TO THE VILLAGE...



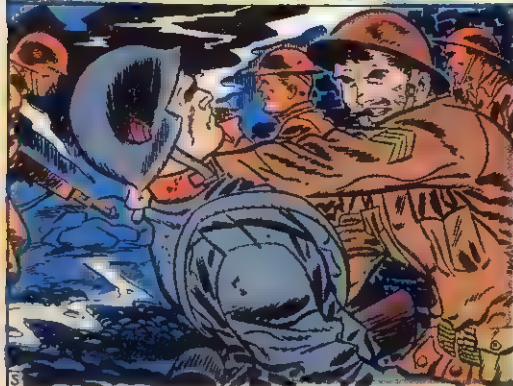
PIERRE, AS HE HURRIED THROUGH THE TUNNEL, HADN'T HEARD THE LAST OF WHAT THE COLONEL HAD SPOKEN IN THE DUGOUT. HE HUGGED THE RIFLE TO HIS CHEST WITH FIERCE PRIDE...

IF THE ARTILLERY IS USED, MY PEOPLE AND MY VILLAGE WILL BE DESTROYED! NOW, I HAVE A RIFLE! NOW I CAN STRIKE A BLOW FOR MY COUNTRY! I WILL SHOW THEM THAT I AM NOT TOO YOUNG...

I CAN GO OUT THE HOLE AT THE BACK OF THE CELLAR AND, USING THE DEBRIS FOR SHELTER, GET CLOSE TO THE ENEMY'S AMMUNITION DUMP!



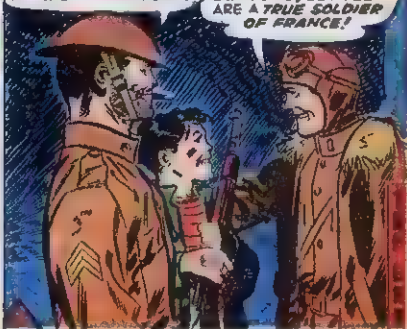
THE EXPLOSION OF THE AMMUNITION DUMP SHOOK THE VILLAGE AND THREW THE GERMANS INTO PANIC! IT WAS THEN THAT THE AMERICAN RAIDING PARTY Poured OUT OF PIERRE'S SECRET TUNNEL AND STRUCK THE CONFUSED GERMAN'S



THE BATTLE WAS SHORT BUT FURIOUS AND THE VILLAGE WAS IN THE HANDS OF THE AMERICAN FORCE!

I SAW SOMETHING MOVING AND DUG HIM OUT RIGHT NEAR THEIR SMASHED AMMO DUMP!

SO IT WAS YOU, PIERRE! I THOUGHT SO! KEEP THE RIFLE! YOU MAY BE YOUNG, BUT YOU ARE A TRUE SOLDIER OF FRANCE!





SHOW EXCITING NEW SOUND FILMS IN YOUR OWN HOME

Mickey Mouse Projector and Theatre-Wink

Thrilling 16 MM Double Feature Talking Films



10 DAY FREE TRIAL

Now, you can show a complete library of exciting talking movies to your friends, your family, everybody right at home. You receive your Mickey Mouse Projector and Theatre, sound transcription and 2 complete action features. If not 100% delighted simply return after 10 days for a prompt refund. Additional exciting sound films are available at just 50c for a double feature. Because of its large size we are forced to ask for an additional 36c shipping charge.

New, Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, Pluto, and all your favorite Walt Disney comedy heroes come alive right in your own sound theatre. All you do is load the big sturdy projector and sound transcription, sit back, relax, and get set to enjoy yourself with laughs, thrills, and adventure. It's like going to the movies every day. All the other kids will be so excited, they'll flock around hoping for an invitation to see and hear the movies and it'll be great fun holding shows and parties. You get an action packed double feature, and a complete list of thrilling films comes with each projector so you can build up a complete library. So, don't delay. Order now! Only \$2.98

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

HONOR HOUSE PRODUCTS CORP. Dept. MM-54

35 Wilbur St., Lynbrook, New York

Rush my Mickey Mouse Sound Projector and Theatre with 2 action feature films at once. If I am not 100% delighted, I may return it after 10 Days Free Trial for prompt refund.

☐ I enclose \$2.98 plus 36c shipping charges.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery.

Name _____

Address _____

Automatic Firing Tripod Machine Gun

IT'S MAGAZINE FED—SWIVELS IN ALL DIRECTIONS!

Kids, here's an authentic reproduction of a U.S.A. type 1917A1 water cooled machine gun, loaded with devastating fire power. This big power hunk of fighting equipment loads ammunition right into the magazine like a real machine gun. Then, by means of the automatic repeating device it fires 10 rounds just as fast as you pull the trigger. It sets up sturdily on its tripod, and the swivel base turns in all directions to assure complete coverage and range, with a special sight attachment to insure a direct hit. Imagine the thrill as you advance with your machine gun blasting the enemy in a hail of fast firing automatic repeating pellets.

DEVELOPS DEADLY TARGET SKILL

A full size target comes to you along with your exciting Tripod Machine Gun. Just like the army training program, you too can acquire great shooting skill, till in no time you'll be hitting the mark with deadly accuracy. But, don't delay! Order now. Only \$1.98 plus 37c shipping charges.

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THE MEN OF RED QUEEN PLATOON HAD BEEN WELDED INTO A SOLID FIGHTING TEAM BY SERGEANT PERRY KIRK THROUGH THE SLUGGING BATTLES OF THE NORMANDY BEACHES... ST. LO AND AVRANCHES! HE WAS PROUD OF HIS BOYS...PROUD OF THE BONDS HE HAD FORGED BETWEEN THEM! BUT HE HAD NO WAY OF KNOWING THAT WAR COULD CHANGE WHAT MAN HAD MOLDED!

CALCULATED RISK!



THEY PLUNGED INTO BATTLE EAGERLY, FIERCELY, THERE WERE NO RESERVATIONS IN THE ATTITUDES OF THESE MEN...

A SCATTERED THROG OF GRAY-CLAD FIGURES SCUTTLED TOWARD THE YANK OBJECTIVE WITH SILENT CUNNING



THE YANKS LAY QUIET AND READY BEHIND THEIR GUNS AS PERRY KIRK WATCHED THRU A CRACK IN THE WALL. ONE HAND RAISED TO SIGNAL.



THE SIGNAL CAME AND THE YANKS RESPONDED AS ONE MAN.



IT WAS A PITCHED BATTLE WITH NO TIME COUNTED! THEY FIRED UNTIL THEY SENSED THE ENEMY WAVING.



SCOTT, GARSON! REPORT ANY CASUALTIES!



FURILLO, YOU WERE HOPPING UP AND DOWN LIKE A MONKEY! IT'S A MIRACLE YOU WEREN'T CREAMED!



I DON'T BELIEVE IN LUCK, FURILLO! WE'RE ALL HERE BECAUSE WE KNOW HOW TO FIGHT... HOW TO DUCK, WHERE AND WHEN! IT'S NO ACCIDENT... AND IT'S **NOT** LUCK!



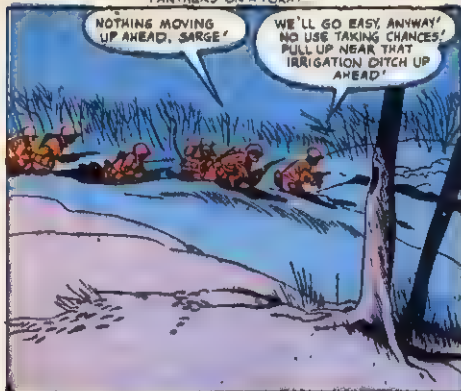
OKAY BOYS! DON'T GET TOO COZY HERE! WE MOVE OUT IN TEN MINUTES TO CONSOLIDATE OUR OBJECTIVE!



AND TEN MINUTES LATER, THE YANKS MOVED OUT LIKE EXPERIENCED PANTHERS ON A FORAY

NOTHING MOVING UP AHEAD, SARGE!

WE'LL GO EASY, ANYWAY! NO USE TAKING CHANCES! PULL UP NEAR THAT IRRIGATION DITCH UP AHEAD!



ALL CLEAR SO FAR! SCOTT, YOU AND WINESKI FLANK OUT AND SCOUT THE POSITION TO MAKE SURE! WE'LL COVER!

R.G.H.T!



MINUTES LATER, THE ALL-CLEAR CAME

THEY'RE SIGNALING FOR US TO MOVE IN! LET'S GO, BUT STAY ON YOUR TOES!



HOW DOES IT LOOK?

CLEAN AS A WHISTLE! ONE JERRY NON-COM WOUNDED AND LEFT BEHIND! WE CHECKED HIM FOR WEAPONS!



YOU HAVE WON A SMALL BATTLE BUT WE WILL WIN THE BIG ONE!

YEAH WE HEARD ABOUT IT WHEN WE HIT THE BEACHES! BETTER FIX THIS "SUPERMAN" UP, SCOTT! GIVE HIM SOME RATIONS AFTER YOU DRESS HIS WOUND!



THE YANKS LISTENED IN BOREDOM AS THE NAZI TALKED...

YOU ARE CONFIDENT... BUT IT WILL NOT LAST LONG! I HAVE BEEN IN FIVE BIG CAMPAIGNS AND I WILL TELL YOU SOMETHING I HAVE LEARNED: WHICH NO SOLDIER CAN ESCAPE!



SOMETHING IN THE NAZI'S VOICE MADE THEM LISTEN WITH THEIR EARS AND HEARTS...

SOMEWHERE OUT THERE IS A GERMAN BULLET WAITING FOR EACH ONE OF YOU! IT IS A BULLET WHICH BEARS YOUR NAME! A BULLET WITH YOUR NAME ON IT! AND YOU CANNOT ESCAPE IT!





SHUT UP YOU NAZI!
KEEP YOUR COANY
SUPERSTITIONS TO
YOURSELF!

BUT THE WORDS TOOK ROOT LIKE AN EIL
SEED, AND SGT PERRY KIRK KNEW IT



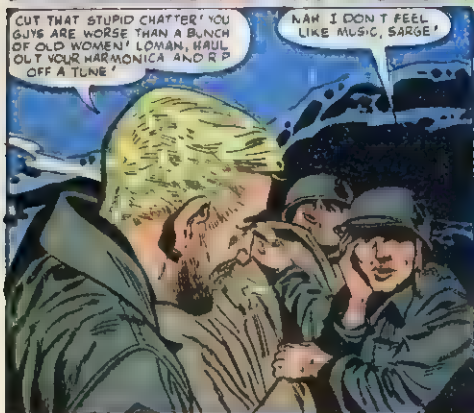
FUR LLO THE FORTIETH IS
SOMEBHERE IN OUR REAR! HAUL
THIS PRISONER BACK OF THE
LINE AND THEN RETURN! THE
REST OF YOU BREAK UP AND
GET SOME SACK TIME!

BUT THE MEN DIDN'T SLEEP THAT NIGHT...



MAYBE THERE'S
SOMETHING TO WHAT
HE SAID! WE'VE
BEEN PRETTY
LUCKY SO FAR!

YEAH... TOO LUCKY!
A GUY'S NAME
CAN'T BE ON A
BULLET, BUT I
KNOW WHAT HE
MEANT! IT'S THE
ODDS! THEY'RE
STACKED HIGH
AGAINST YOU WHEN
YOU'RE TAKING
CHANCES!



CUT THAT STUPID CHATTER! YOU
GUYS ARE WORSE THAN A BUNCH
OF OLD WOMEN! LOMAN, HAUL
OUT YOUR HARMONICA AND R
OFF A TUNE!

NAH I DON'T FEEL
LIKE MUSIC, SARGE!

SGT PERRY KIRK WATCHED THE SPEED GROW AND BLOSSOM
INTO APATHY AND UNCERTAINTY...



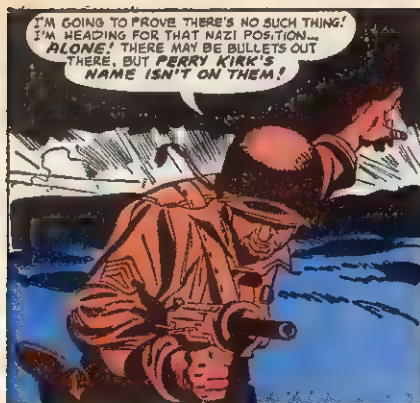
COME ON... MOVE!
WHAT'S GOTTEN
INTO YOU GUYS?
WE'VE GOT A
POSITION TO
TAKE!



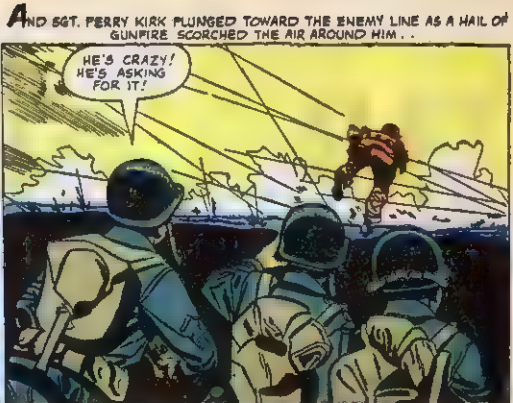
THIS IS THE FIRST TIME **RED**
QUEEN HUNG BACK ON AN
ATTACK! GET THE LEAD OUT
AND LET'S GO!



I KNOW WHAT'S EATING
YOU! IT'S THAT JUNK
ABOUT A BULLET WITH
YOUR NAME ON IT!



I'M GOING TO PROVE THERE'S NO SUCH THING!
I'M HEADING FOR THAT NAZI POSITION...
ALONE! THERE MAY BE BULLETS OUT
THERE, BUT PERRY KIRK'S
NAME ISN'T ON THEM!

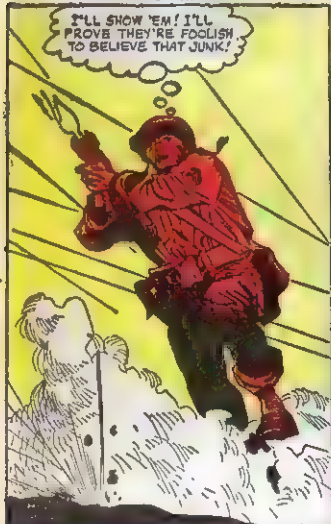


HE'S CRAZY!
HE'S ASKING
FOR IT!

AN INVISIBLE WALL OF MAGIC SURROUNDED
THE SERGEANT! HE LITERALLY FLEW THROUGH
THE STREAM OF HOT LEAD SCREAMING
ABOUT HIM...

AND THEN THE SPELL SNAPPED! RED
QUEEN PLATOON UNTHAWED LIKE A
SPRING AVALANCHE...

WHEN SGT. PERRY KIRK LOOKED BACK
HE KNEW THAT THE BATTLE HAD BEEN
WON...



I'LL SHOW 'EM! I'LL
PROVE THEY'RE FOOLISH
TO BELIEVE THAT JUNK!



COME ON, BOYS!
THE SARGE MADE
IT AND SO CAN
WE!



LOOKS LIKE I
PROVED MY
POINT!



THAT DAY, RED QUEEN
WON A BIGGER
BATTLE THAN THE
TAKING OF JUST
ANOTHER NAZI
POSITION—

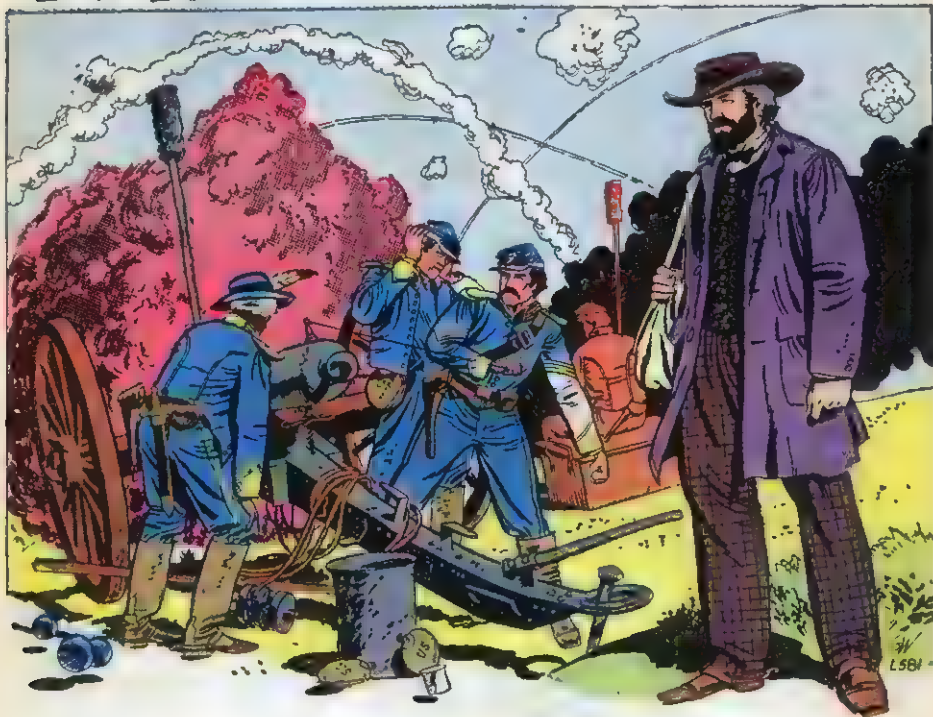
LIKE I SAID BEFORE—
THIS IS JUST A REAL
LUCKY OUTFIT!

LUCKY, MY EYE! THE
JERRIES JUST COULDN'T
SPELL YOUR NAMES,
THAT'S ALL!

THE END

HE WORE NO UNIFORM AND HE CARRIED NO GUN... AND YET HE WAS ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE ALONG WITH THE FIGHTING MEN! AND THE FIGHTING MEN RESENTED HIM! TO THEM, ANYONE WHO DIDN'T PICK UP A GUN AND DO BATTLE AGAINST THE ENEMY COULD BE CALLED ONLY...

THE COWARD



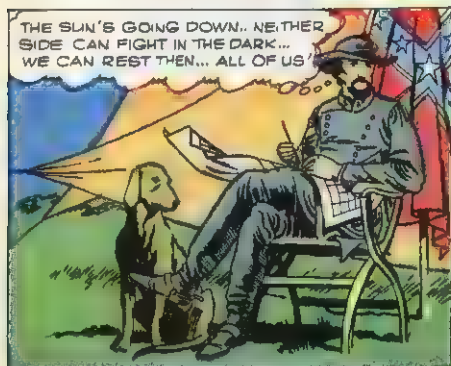
IT WAS NOT ONE OF THE BIGGER ACTIONS OF THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES, BUT IT WAS CERTAINLY ONE OF THE ROUGHEST AND IT WAS BEING FOUGHT TO A DRAW...

AND HIGH ON A HILL OVERLOOKING THE BATTLE, A MAN WITH SAD EYES WATCHED... AND PRAYED...

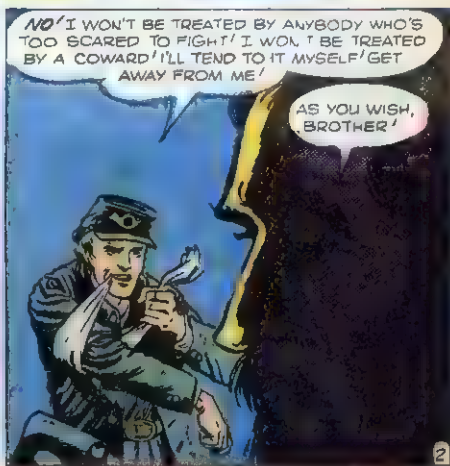
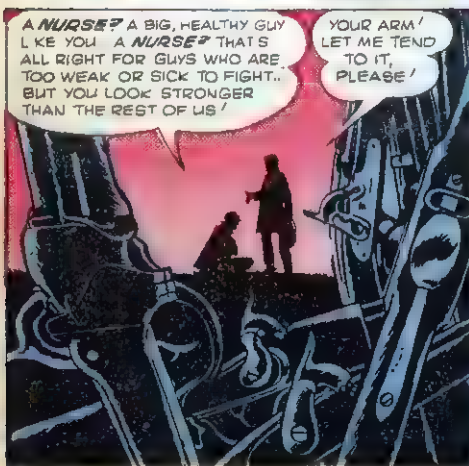


BUT WHAT WAS ONE SMALL VOICE AMID THE THUNDER AND ROAR OF BATTLE? SO WHILE THE NEWCOMER COVERED HIS EYES AGAINST THE HOLOCAUST, THE BATTLE WENT ON.

IT WAS LIKE A TACIT AGREEMENT BETWEEN THE NORTH AND SOUTH ON THAT FIELD. NEITHER SIDE COULD WIN.. AND NEITHER COULD LOSE! SO WITH THE SETTING OF THE SUN, BOTH SIDES RETREATED FOR THE NIGHT.



AND WHILE THE MEN RESTED, THE NEWCOMER CAME AMONG THEM...





THE OTHER SOLDIERS FOLLOWED THE LEAD OF THE FIRST AND REFUSED TO HAVE THE MALE NURSE TEND TO THEM...

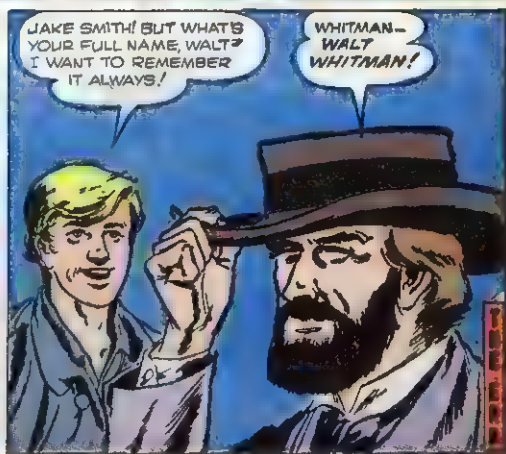
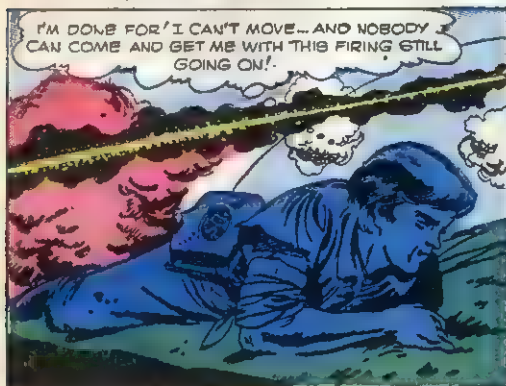
AND SO THE NIGHT PASSED... AND DAWN ARRIVED!



THIS TIME, WITH THEIR BODIES RESTED, THE BATTLE WAS FIERCE THAN EVER... AND MORE DEVASTATING AND FINAL...



SO THIS WAS THE SITUATION... BOTH SIDES EXHAUSTED
BEYOND ENDURANCE... AND THE BATTLE-SCARRED FIELD
LEFT TO THE WOUNDED!



The British section of the front was divided into Sectors. I, J, and K, together with half of L came within control of the 5th Army.

"I'm worried," Drummond said as the motorcycle headed down the road, roaring past the slower trucks and horse-drawn wagons.

Sloan nodded.

"They might break through," he said. "The Germans tried getting into Paris once before. This time, they'll put everything they've got into it." He grinned. "They've got to. They're like a wounded bear, with only a couple of big swacks left in him. But even a wounded bear is dangerous."

Fifteen miles nearer the front, the thunder of heavy artillery grew in volume. A diverging road led them away from J Sector, to K, the key position. If it held, the big German push could be stopped on both flanks, and also farther down the line toward the French and American forces. If it couldn't, both flanks would automatically cave in.

A hurricane of fire swept the whole front before them. Already, through the dark, the bright flashes of shell explosions were visible for miles. Very light shells mounted and burst on all sides. It was a war of artillery now, with thousands of guns on all sides roaring at each other. They stopped at the headquarters post, received reports and started back to the Intelligence hut, with Drummond driving. They arrived there an hour later, communicated the reports and then headed for some sleep. Just before they fell into bare cots, Sloan turned to his friend and handed him a small package.

"A little birthday present," he said. "Congratulations."

"Thanks, old man," Drummond said sleepily. "Mind if I

open it tomorrow morning?" In a moment, he was asleep.

Drummond awakened to blackness. He got up, looked at his watch and saw that it was nearly four o'clock. Sloan's bed was empty. He got up and yawned, as an orderly came up.

"Where's Lieutenant Sloan?" he asked.

"The Colonel needed you, sir, on a mission, but the lieutenant offered to go," the orderly said.

A warm glow spread through Drummond. Good chap, Sloan, he thought. A real friend. Too



bad they hadn't known each other for very long. It had been very thoughtful of Sloan to have given him a present. Absently, he undid the package . . . and a German Luger pistol fell out. Drummond chuckled. He had always wanted a Luger for a souvenir. Somewhere, Sloan had picked up the gun and then given it to him. Then he read the little card that went with it. It read, "To Harry Drummond on his 27th birthday."

Drummond smiled. But, abruptly, an instant later, his face went pale. He recalled the orderly.

"Where did Sloan go?" he demanded.

"K Sector I think, sir."

Drummond dressed quickly,

hurried over to the Intelligence hut. He was inside for half an hour, and then returned. He sat upon the cot, waiting.

At 5.30 A.M. Sloan came in.

"Oh, awake, I see. Happy birthday!"

The smile on his face faded. Drummond held the Luger, and the loaded gun was pointed at him.

"Delivered your reports to Intelligence?" Drummond demanded, and when Sloan nodded, he continued, "You'll be unhappy to know they'll be disregarded."

"Disregarded?" Sloan stammered. "But why?"

"Because you're a spy, because you've been the one who's been leaking information to the enemy," Drummond said grimly. "I don't know who you are, or how you've managed to escape detection thus far, but you're no Englishman, you're a German spy!"

"How . . . how can you prove that?" Sloan muttered.

"You pretended to be English . . . but you're not," Drummond went on. "You were trained never to betray yourself, especially trained in big things. But it's the little things that give a spy away . . . a little thing like that birthday note you wrote me." He held it up. "Look at the date, the 27th. You wrote the 7 in that numeral like a European, and particularly a German writes it, with a line across the middle of the 7. It was only a little thing, but even a highly trained spy can't watch all his old mannerisms. And this time you slipped." He rose. "March! You took my place tonight so as to be sure to bring back more reassuring reports from K Sector, when in reality, they'll probably need reinforcements. Well, K Sector is getting heavy reinforcements now . . . and with K Sector holding, the German big push is bound to fail!"

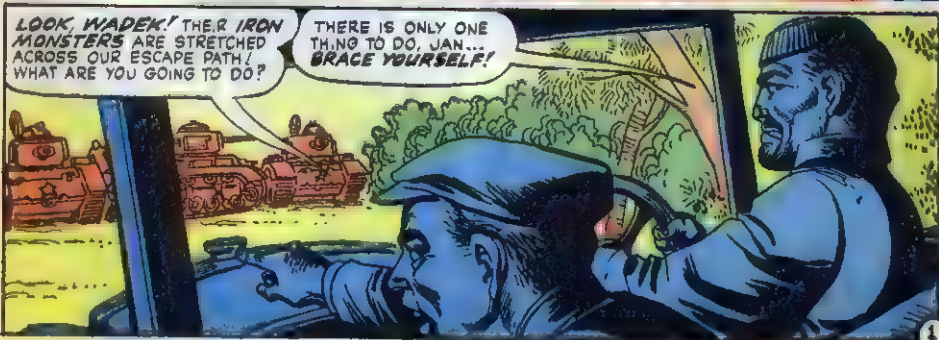
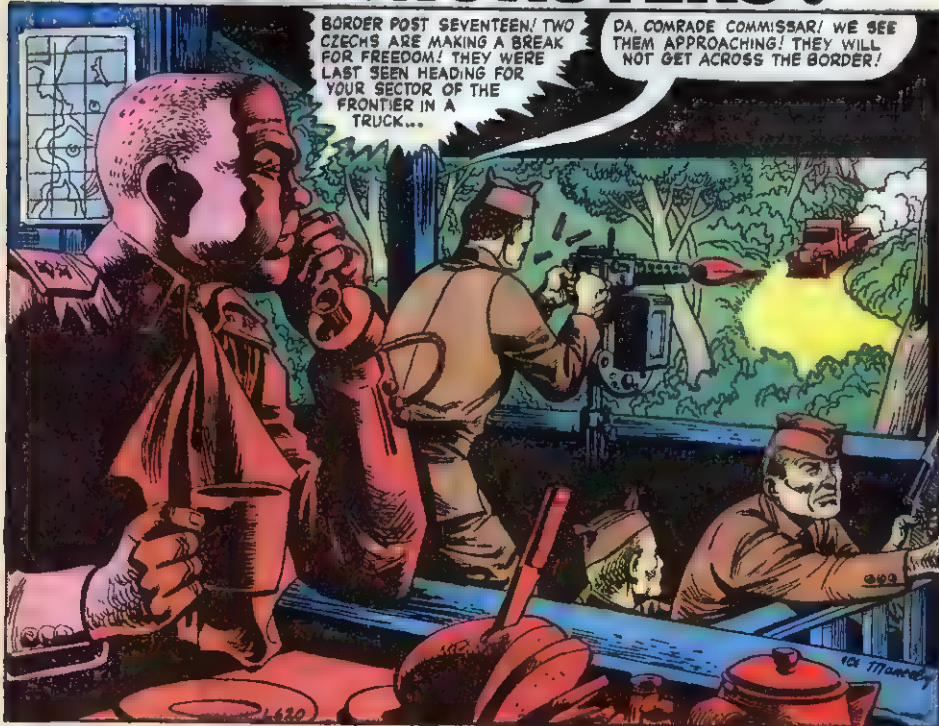
THE END J-881

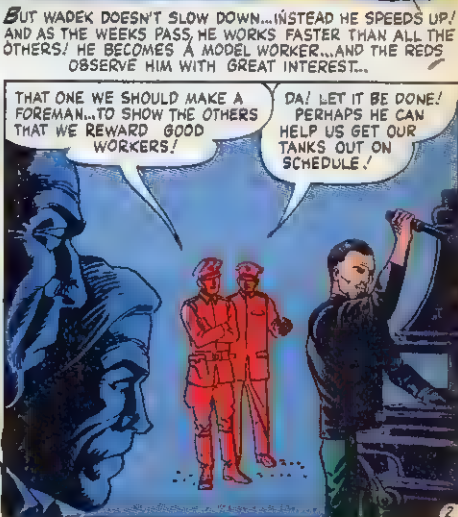
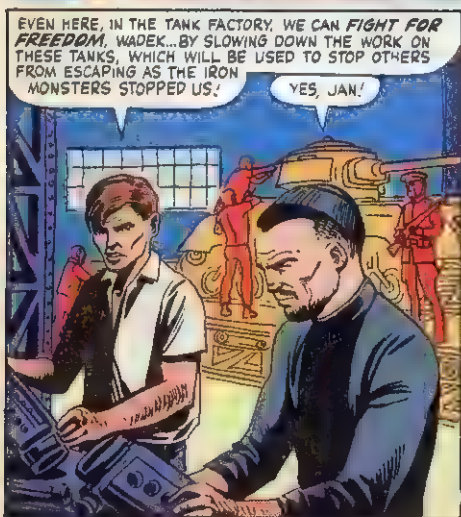
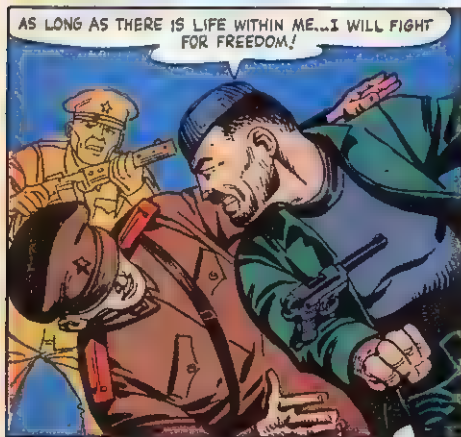
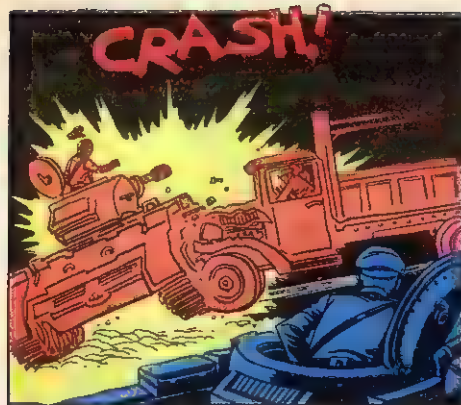
NO PRICE IS TOO GREAT FOR FREEDOM! THAT IS WHY INDIVIDUALS, GROUPS, AND ARMIES, ALL OVER THE WORLD HAVE RISKED, AND STILL RISK THEIR LIVES TO SPLIT THE SHACKLES OF COMMUNIST SLAVERY! THAT IS WHY PEOPLE EVERYWHERE JOIN...

THE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM!

ESCAPE FROM COMMUNIST CZECHOSLOVAKIA, FOR THOSE WHO DESIRE FREEDOM, IS A DANGEROUS UNDERTAKING! THEY RISK EVERYTHING, INCLUDING THEIR LIVES... BECAUSE THE CZECH-GERMAN FRONTIER IS GUARDED BY OBSERVATION TOWERS, BY TROOPS, BY SENTRY DOGS, BY TRIPLE ROWS OF BARBED WIRE CHARGED WITH DEADLY VOLTS OF ELECTRICITY, AND BY...

"IRON MONSTERS!"





CRASH!

OUR TANKS HAVE ENDED
YOUR ATTEMPT TO
ESCAPE, PEASANTS!

FOR THIS YOU WILL GO TO
WORK IN A FACTORY...
WITHOUT PAY!

AS LONG AS THERE IS LIFE WITHIN ME...I WILL FIGHT
FOR FREEDOM!

TAKE THEM AWAY...TO THE
TANK FACTORY OUT-
SIDE OF PRAGUE!

EVEN HERE, IN THE TANK FACTORY, WE CAN FIGHT FOR
FREEDOM, WADEK...BY SLOWING DOWN THE WORK ON
THESE TANKS, WHICH WILL BE USED TO STOP OTHERS
FROM ESCAPING AS THE IRON
MONSTERS STOPPED US!

YES, JAN!

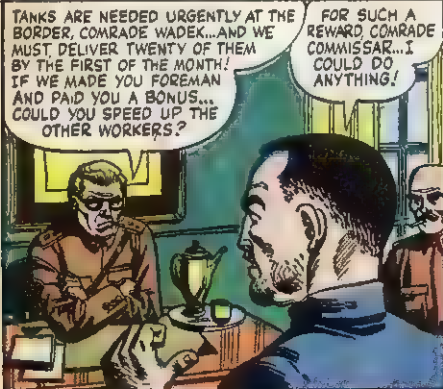
BUT WADEK DOESN'T SLOW DOWN...INSTEAD HE SPEEDS UP!
AND AS THE WEEKS PASS, HE WORKS FASTER THAN ALL THE
OTHERS! HE BECOMES A MODEL WORKER...AND THE REDS
OBSERVE HIM WITH GREAT INTEREST...

THAT ONE WE SHOULD MAKE A
FOREMAN...TO SHOW THE OTHERS
THAT WE REWARD GOOD
WORKERS!

DA! LET IT BE DONE!
PERHAPS HE CAN
HELP US GET OUR
TANKS OUT ON
SCHEDULE!

WADEK IS SUMMONED BEFORE THE COMMISSAR...

THAT PLEASERS THE COMMISSARS...BUT IT DOESN'T PLEASE THE CZECH WORKERS...



TANKS ARE NEEDED URGENTLY AT THE BORDER, COMRADE WADEK...AND WE MUST DELIVER TWENTY OF THEM BY THE FIRST OF THE MONTH! IF WE MADE YOU FOREMAN AND PAID YOU A BONUS... COULD YOU SPEED UP THE OTHER WORKERS?

FOR SUCH A REWARD COMRADE COMMISSAR...I COULD DO ANYTHING!

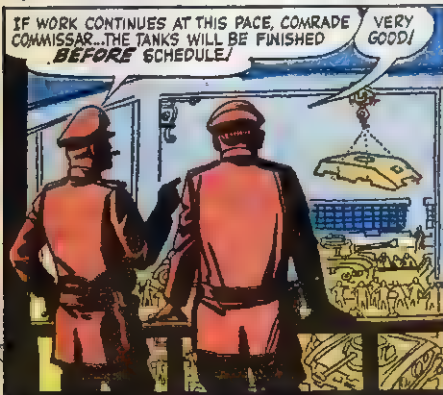
TO YOU, WADEK? YOU WERE THE ONE WHO SAID YOU'D FIGHT FOR FREEDOM AS LONG AS YOU HAD LIFE! DO YOU CALL HELPING THE REDS FINISH THEIR TANKS ON SCHEDULE...FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM?

YOU'RE WASTING VALUABLE TIME TALKING! GET BACK TO WORK... OR I'LL REPORT YOU!



AND WHENEVER THE WORK FELL BEHIND SCHEDULE, WADEK KEEPS THE CZECHS ON THE JOB ALL THRU THE NIGHT...

TWO DAYS BEFORE THE SCHEDULE DATE, TWENTY, BRAND-NEW TANKS ARE LINED UP IN THE FACTORY YARD...



IF WORK CONTINUES AT THIS PACE, COMRADE COMMISSAR...THE TANKS WILL BE FINISHED BEFORE SCHEDULE!

VERY GOOD!



WELL DONE, COMRADE WADEK! THE TANKS ARE ALL SET TO GO TO THE BORDER PATROL!

NOT YET COMRADE COMMISSAR! A SMALL DETAIL IS LEFT!



ALL YOU WORKERS OUTSIDE...AND CLEAN UP THE INSIDE OF THOSE TANKS! MAKE THEM WORTHY OF THE ONES WHO WILL DRIVE THEM!



PRICELESS...THAT'S WHAT THAT COMRADE WADEK IS...PRICELESS!



BUT LISTEN TO WHAT HE IS ORDERING THEM TO DO NOW, COMRADE COMMISSAR!

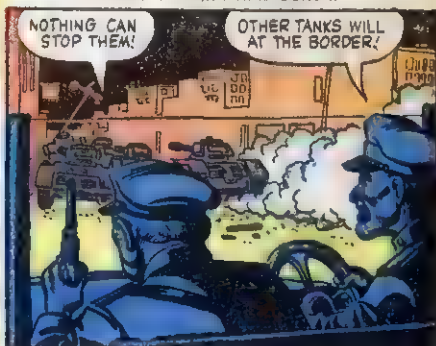
NO! THEY MUST NOT DO IT! STOP THEM!

**BUT ALREADY THE TWENTY TANKS ARE ON THEIR WAY...
SMASHING THRU THE STEEL FENCES...**



THEY'RE ESCAPING
WITH ALL OUR
TANKS!

**DOWN THE MAIN STREET OF THE CITY FLOW THE
TANKS...WITH A WAKE OF REDS BEHIND THEM FIRING
RIFLES AND MACHINE GUNS...**



NOTHING CAN
STOP THEM!

OTHER TANKS WILL
AT THE BORDER!

DA, COMRADE COMMISSAR! I SEE
THEM APPROACHING NOW! WE
WILL HALT THEM!



THE RED TANKS FORM THEIR IRON
BARRIER...BUT THE TANKS FROM THE
FACTORY KEEP COMING...



THEY RAM INTO THE IRON MONSTERS
...PUSHING, CRAWLING, CLIMBING OVER
THEM...



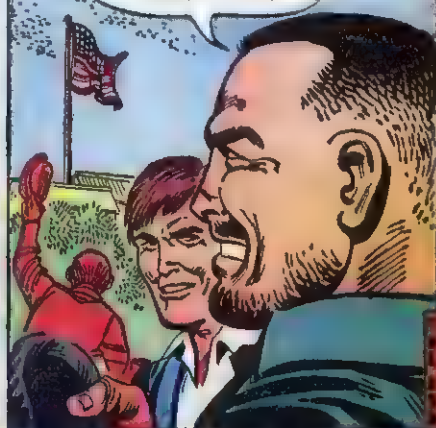
**AND THE TWENTY TANKS DO NOT STOP...UNTIL THEY ARE
ACROSS THE FRONTIER IN THE AMERICAN ZONE OF GERMANY...**

NOW, WADKE, WE KNOW
WHY YOU TOOK THE
JOB AS FOREMAN AND
WHY YOU WORKED
US SO HARD...



...SO WE WOULD FINISH ALL THE
TANKS ON SCHEDULE...AND
MAKE THIS MASS ESCAPE
TOGETHER IN THE ENEMY'S
OWN IRON MONSTERS!

YES, FRIENDS...THE FIGHT FOR
FREEDOM IS FOUGHT IN
MANY WAYS!



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**TROPHY
GIVEN AWAY**
Win this
handsome
Trophy,
over 1½ ft.
high!

RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW!

...and I'll PROVE How EASILY You Can Have It...

Almost Overnight

WHAT kind of body do YOU want? One with the kind of power-packed shoulders that make girls go "Ga-Ga" on the beach? Or sledge-hammer biceps that will make the toughest bully respect you! Or strong-as-steel stomach muscles; a slim waist? Just tell me WHERE you want it—and I'll add SOLID INCHES of muscle, FAST!

I don't care how old or how young you are—or what your present physical condition may be. Just check the "dream build" you've always wanted—right in the coupon below.

Then just give me 15 minutes a day of your spare time—in the privacy of your own room—and I'll give you exactly what you ask for: RESULTS you can see, feel, and measure with a tape!

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

"DYNAMIC TENSION"—that's my secret! It's the NATURAL method that I myself developed to change my body from the miserable skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present "World's Most Perfectly Developed" body. Thousands have become marvelous physical specimens my way. I want YOU to be next!

No gadgets, no contraptions. You simply use the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body. Before you know it, you're a NEW MAN—full of red-blooded get-up-and-go—healthy and handsome!

FREE My Valuable Illustrated 32-Page Book
NOT \$1.00—NOT 10¢—but FREE!

Send for my famous book showing how "Dynamic Tension" makes you a new man. 32 pages packed with photographs and valuable advice. See what my method has done for thousands, what it can do for YOU.

This book is a real prize. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your whole life! Rush coupon to me personally: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 60-D, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.



Charles Atlas thrilled millions of TV viewers with his handsome build and dynamic personality when he recently appeared as a guest on "What's My Line?," "Masquerade Party," and "I've Got A Secret."

Why Be Half a Man?

When it's so easy to become a real HEMAN my natural way. Most fellows spend all of their lives feeling only HALF-ALIVE. But you don't have to put up with that. Give yourself honest answers to these important questions ARE YOU:

- Skinny and Run Down?
- Overweight and Short of Breath?
- Always Tired?
- Nervous?
- Shy and Lacking in Confidence?
- Slow at Sports?
- Do You Want to Gain or Lose Weight?
- Are you ashamed of your HALF-MAN build?

I tell you what you can do about these HALF-ALIVE symptoms in my valuable FREE Book. Pick the kind of body you want—right in the coupon below. Mail it to me personally and I'll rush you my free Book at once!

Here's The Kind of Men I Build:

Meet Hector Romero, a recent winner of one of my Atlas Trophies for the most improvement in just 3 months

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 60-D
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:

(Check as many as you like)

- ☐ More Weight—Solid in The Right Places
- ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders
- ☐ More Powerful Arms and Grip
- ☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips
- ☐ More Powerful Leg Muscles
- ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book showing how "Dynamic Tension" can make me a new man—32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way

Name.....Age.....
(Please Print Plainly)
Address.....
City.....State.....
☐ If under 14 years of age check here for Booklet A.

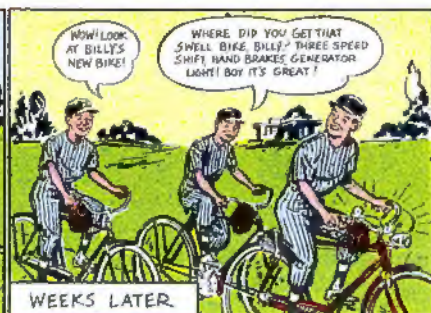
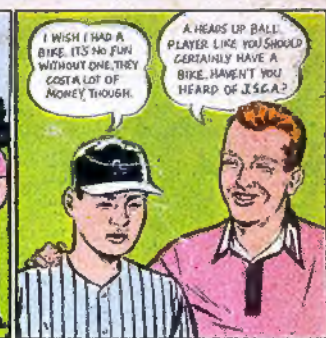
JUST LOOK AT THE RESULTS I GET!



"When I started your Course I weighed only 141. Now weigh 170."
—T. K., N. Y.



"Have put 3½" on chest (normal), 2½" expanded."
—P. S., N. Y.



WEEKS LATER

Look Kids, get these prizes for yourself without cost from JUNIOR SALES CLUB OF AMERICA



Mickey Mantle



DELTA LANTERN
Only 12 Boxes



BIKE GENERATOR SET
Only 12 Boxes



SKIN DIVING OUTFIT
Only 12 Boxes



TIMEX WATCH
Only 20 Boxes



HERCULES ENGLISH BIKE
Only 80 Boxes



MOUNTAIN TENT
Only 20 Boxes



U. S. BUGLE
Only 12 Boxes



PLANE KIT & ENGINE
Only 12 Boxes



SPALDING GLOVE & BALL
Only 20 Boxes



KNIFE & AXE SET
Only 12 Boxes



AMERICAN FLYER FREIGHT
Only 40 Boxes



DAISY RED RYDER
Only 12 Boxes



MARLIN .22 Only 40 Boxes



H-I SPINNING OUTFIT
Only 20 Boxes



COMET SABRE
Only 12 Boxes



ARCHERY SET
Only 12 Boxes



SLEEPING BAG
Only 20 Boxes



COLEMAN STOVE
Only 20 Boxes



CHEM-CRAFT LAB
Only 20 Boxes



Here's how to get THESE PRIZES and many more!

YOU can be the prize-winning J.S.C.A. Member in your neighborhood! Thousands of boys and girls are winning nationally-famous QUALITY PRIZES... at NO COST! Our prizes are the Best! No experience needed. You'll quickly sell many boxes of All-Occasion Cards at the special offer of only \$1.25 per box of 21 lovely cards! You can earn a prize in one day! J.S.C.A. CARDS ACTUALLY SELL THEMSELVES.

Just fill in and mail the coupon to become a member of the J.S.C.A. Mark on the coupon whether you want to start with 12 or 20 boxes of All-Occasion Cards. (If prize is for more than 20 boxes, start with your first order for 20 boxes.) We will send your prize-winning boxes of cards on credit because WE TRUST YOU. It's quick and it's EASY! Drop the coupon in the mail NOW! ACT QUICKLY TO GET YOUR FREE MEMBERSHIP CARD.

**JUNIOR SALES CLUB OF AMERICA, Dept. MC-2
SPRINGFIELD 1, MASS.**

Please enroll me as a member of the J.S.C.A. and send me at once, FREE Membership Card, FREE Illustrated Catalog, complete details on how to get prizes and a supply of All-Occasion Cards to sell as checked below:

☐ 12 BOXES

☐ 20 BOXES

NAME _____ Print Clearly

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

JUNIOR SALES CLUB of AMERICA, Springfield 1, Mass.